

The second part of

Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a false fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The subiects of his substitute my father,
And both against the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpswarmd them.

Bishop Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Westmerland,
The time misordred doth in common sense,
Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,
To hold our safety vp: I sent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our grieve,
The which hath bene with scorne shoued from the court,
Whereon this Hydra, sonne of warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestie.

Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fal downe,
We haue supplies to second our attempt,
If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,
And so successe of mischiefe shall be borne,
And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Prince You are too shallow Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.

Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And sweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purposes haue bene mistooke,
And some about him haue too lauishly,

Wrested

Henry the fourth.

Wrested his meaning and authority,
My Lord, these griefes shall be with speed redrest,
Vppon my soule they shal, if this may please you,
Discharge your powers vnto their seuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare those tokens home,
Of our restored loue and amitie.

Bishop I take your princely word for these redresses,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.

Prince Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well please them, hie thee captaine.

Bishop To you my noble lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue bestowed to breed this present peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bishop I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it,
Health to my Lord, and gentle cosin Mowbray.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sodaine something ill.

Bishop Against ill chaunces men are euer mery,
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

West. Therefore be mery coze, since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morow.

Bishop Beleue me I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse if your owne rule be true.

Prim. The word of peace is rendred, heark how they shewt.

Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victory.

Bishop A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party looser.

Prince Go my lord,

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